

## Way Down in Old Kentucky

### WAY DOWN IN OLD KENTUCKY

J. D. Allen Visalia, 1941

Way down in Old Kentucky Two children were at play  
A girl as fair as a blossom That  
blown at the peak of day.

The boy's looks show of poverty, His little brown feet were bare  
In his play he was always honest And his smile was always there.

But these could not always be children For time did pass away  
She grew to a blushing young girl And he to a blushing young lad.

One day while they were out walking He thought he heard her sigh  
He whispered, well do you love me And Nelly began to cry.

Nelly my dearest I love you And you love me I can see  
There is only one promise I ask you Will you be true to me.

She gave her promise quickly And tearfully said good-bye  
And harried off to the hay loft Her secret place to cry.

Ten years have passed since that parting Jack had been doing quite well  
Tomorrow he goes on a vacation To get his darling Nell.

Just then he reached his office A telegram had arrived  
Saying Jack you will have to hurry If you get to see Nelly alive.

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He caught the train for Kentucky He reached there just about nine In tears she turned to meet him Saying Jack I knew you'd be here on time.

### **WAY DOWN IN OLD KENTUCKY**

Ten years have gone since we parted They said you would not come But Jack I knew God would send you Before he took me on.

My Father has gone and left me, My Mother is all I have left Jack take care of my Mother Was the dying girl's request.

Way down in old Kentucky The place they love so well In the shade of the weepin' willow They laid his darlin' Nell.

Way down in old Kentucky The place they loved to play Is a boy whose heart is so tender And a mother so old and gray.